

Hawaiian Gazette Supplement, April 4th, 1883.

His Pa's Marvelous Escape.

"Get any candle, said the bad boy to the grocerman, as he went in one cold morning, leaving the door open, and picked up a cigar which had been thrown down by the stove, and began to smoke it.

"Seat that down down you. Was you brought up in a wax will?" said the grocerman. "No I haven't got any vaseline. What do you want of vaseline?" said the grocerman, as he set the soap box on a chair by the stove where it would stand out.

"Want to rub it on pa's legs," said the boy as he tried to draw smoke through a cigar which was not lit.

"Why, what is the matter with your pa's legs? Rheumatism?"

"Was my rheumatism," said the boy, as he threw away the cigar which had been made in a broken tea-cup. "Pa has got the worse looking hand legs you ever saw. You see since there has been so many fires here has got all scared, and his hands have bought three fire escapes, made out of rope with knots in them, and he has been telling us every day how he could rescue the whole family in case of fire. He told us to be ready, whatever happened, and rely on him. If the house got on fire we were all to rush up and he would save us."

"Well, last night we had to go to one of the neighbors, where they was going to have twins, and we didn't sleep much, because we had to come home twice in the night to get salves and an old friend's petitions that I broke in when I was a kid, cause the people where we went did not know it was twins was on the bill of fare, and they only had floral petitions for one. Pa was cross at being kept awake, and told me that when all the children in Milwaukee were born and got grown up, she would take in her sign and not get another right across as older to Italy matness. Pa says there ought to be a law that babies should arrive on the regular day trains and not wait for the midnight express."

"Well, pa got up, and he slept till about eight o'clock in the morning, and the blinds were closed, and it was dark in the room, and I waited for my breakfast. till I was hungry as a wolf, and the girl told me to wake pa up, so I went up, stairs, and I didn't know what would me think of it, but I had some of the powder they make for the fits on the theater, that we and my folks had the Fourth of July, and I put it in a soap dish in the bathroom, and I touched it off and exploded fire. I was going to wake pa up and tell him it was all right and laugh at him. I guess there was no smoke fire, as I pulled out the soap and grabbed a rope and rushed straight for the back window, then goes out on the deck."

"I tried to say something, but pa ran over me and told me to save myself, and I got to the back window to tell him that there was no fire just as he let himself out of the window. He had one end of the rope tied to the leg of the wash stand, and he was climbing down the back side of the soap dish on the bathroom, with nothing on but his night shirt, and he was the horridest looking object ever was with his legs flying and trying to stick his toes-marks into the rope and the side of the house. I don't think a man looks well in society with nothing but his night shirt on. I didn't blame the hired girls for being scared when they saw pa and his legs come down outside the window, and when they yelled I went down to the kitchen, and they said a crazy man with no clothes but a pillow-case around his neck was trying to kick the window in, and they ran into the parlor, and I opened the door and let pa in the kitchen. He asked if any body else was scared, and then I told him there was no fire, and no must have dreamt he was in hell or somewhere. Well, pa was astonished and said he must be wrong in the head, and I left him chewing blossoms by the window in, and I went after his pants, and the legs were hardly cracked, but a good scold was to come. He says it all in, and will say if she stayed at home and let people out their own body who shows there would be more comfort in the house. No cause to wish a small star for bad, and a few small of something that smelled too strong, and after she had told me what the result of her visit was, she went out after vaseline to rub pa's legs. Pa says he has demonstrated that a man is cool and indifferent in case of fire, and goes deliberately at work to save himself for will come out all right."

"Well, you are the coolest boy I ever heard of," said the grocerman. "But what about your pa's dancing legs comes to church Sunday. The minister's hired girl was in love after some foolish yesterday morning, and she went to the minister and said your pa had scandalized the church like never was."

"Oh, he don't dance in church. He was a little excited that all. You see, pa does certain, and it is pretty hard on him to sit all through the sermon without taking a chaw, and he gets nervous. He always reaches around in his pocket pocket when they stand up to sing the last time and feels in his jacket pocket and gets out a chaw, and puts it in his mouth when the minister pronounces the benediction, and then when they get out doors he is all ready to spit. He always does that. Well, my chum had a present on Christmas of a music box, just about as big as pa's tobacco box, and all you have to do is to touch a spring and it plays 'She's a Daisy, She's a Daisy'. I turned it and put it in pa's pocket pocket, where he keeps his tobacco box, and when the chum got through singing pa reached his hand in his pocket and began to fumble around for a chaw. He touched the spring and just as every body heard their heads to receive the benediction, and it was still you could hear a gun snap, the music box began to play and in the stillness it sounded as loud as a church organ.

"Well, I thought ma would sick. The minister heard it and he looked towards pa, and everybody looked at pa, too, and pa turned red and the minister kept up 'She's a Daisy,' and the minister looked mad and said 'Amen,' and people began to put on their coats, and the minister told the deacons to light up the sources of that worldly music, and they took pa into the room back of the pulpit and searched him, and no says pa will have to be excommunicated. They kept the music box, and I have got to carry in coal to get money enough to buy my chum a new music box. Well, I shall have to go and get that vaseline or pa's legs will suffer. Good day." —PICK'S CHAM.

The Towers of Silence.

The Towers of Silence lie at the end of the Parsee's earthly pilgrimage. When a Parsee dies, his body is exposed in one of these singular structures, that the decaying particles may be disseminated as quickly as possible, and "that neither Mother Earth nor the beings she supports shall be contaminated in the slightest degree." The Parsees, as most readers are doubtless aware, are descendants of the ancient Persians, who were expelled from Persia by the Mohammedan conquerors, and who first settled at Serat about 1,100 years ago, according to the last census they do not number more than 70,000 souls, of whom 50,000 are found in the city of Bombay, the remaining

scattered throughout the different parts of India, but chiefly residing in Gujarat and the Bombay Presidency. They are a small but most important and influential body of men, noted for their energy, enterprise and uprightness. The most curious feature of their religion is an apparent worship of fire and the other elements, regarded by them as visible representations of the Deity. Nothing similar to their funeral rites exists among other nations. The Towers of Silence stand in a garden on the highest point of Malabar Hill, in the neighborhood of Bombay. It is a beautiful spot, a place of silence and peaceful rest. There are five towers in all. A sixth structure stands apart; it is square in shape—and round like the others—and is only used for members of the community who have suffered death by serious crimes. On the part of each tower usually sits a group of vultures, lazy and omnivorous, unless when a funeral is seen approaching—then they show signs of great interest. At a funeral, after the recital of prayers and some other ceremonies, the corpse is placed in the interior of the tower closed, and abandoned to the destructive agencies of nature and the insatiable birds. At the end of a fortnight, or at most four weeks, the corpse becomes—who forms a distinct class among the Parsees, and live apart from the rest of the community—return, and with gloved hands, and implements resembling long-handled forks, place the dry skeleton in a niche in the center of the building. Rich and poor all be together. "In these five towers," says the Secretary of the Parsee Panchayat, "rest the bones of all the Parsees that have lived in Bombay for the last two hundred years. We form a united body in life, and we are united in death."

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The main store in Boston is the largest single building in Washington street, 10 x 200 feet deep and about 40 feet wide, and is filled with every conceivable kind of convenience. Their stock is constantly increasing, and they are adding other stores every week. They have about 700 items of merchandise which gives an idea of the amount constantly on hand. From persons to whom these stores are familiar, they are employed in this store, and for those who are not, they can see many things a person would not expect to find in a store of this size. The prices are very reasonable, and the goods are well made. The proprietors are men of great experience, and have a knowledge of business which is unequalled. They are men of great energy and determination, and will do all they can to make their establishment successful. They have a full line of hardware, and will do all they can to make their establishment successful. They have a full line of hardware, and will do all they can to make their establishment successful.

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